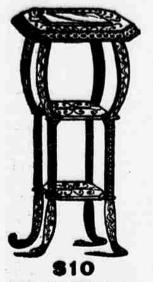
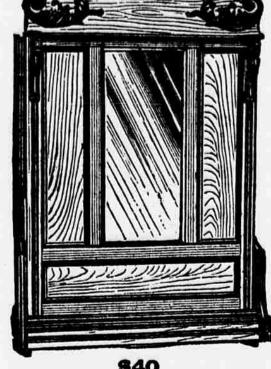
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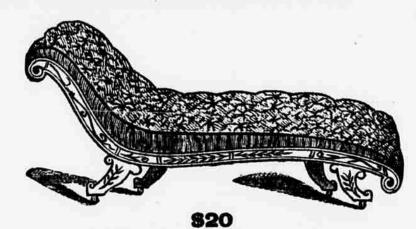
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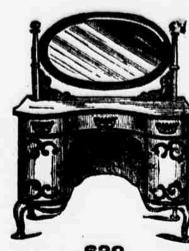
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## BROOKLYN FURNITURE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS AND RETAILERS

THE OLD SETTLER.

Genuine Mexican

Onyx Brass Ta-

bles; one-half

shoo Peleg, and Tells Elm the Tragic Story of Brungup.

"This here is funny, gran'pop, and I bet you won't believe it," said little Peleg one evening, the remark having been called forth by something he had just read in the Clarion

"Wat is it, sonny?" asked the Old Settler. Has an 'arthquake ben givin' the North Pole a shakin' up? Or has some onpertected citisen o' Green'l'ns loy mountains ben sunstruck? Tha's a downright funnier things knowledge! Wat makes y' think I won't 'lieve 'em. Peleg? Course I b'lieve 'em!"

Yes," said Peleg. "but this ain't anything sbout an earthquake at the North Pole, gran'pop, nor it ain't anything about some one beng sunstruck in Greenland."

Hain't it, sonny?" said the Old Settler. Then y ortn't to siniwate that it were. The hain't nuthin else I kin think of th't 'd be so funny es to make y' think I wouldn't b'lleve it. course I thort it must be either one or S'other of 'em. Y' ortn't to fool yer poor ol' gran'pop, Peleg."

Why, gran'pop," began Peleg. "Ididn't-" "Next to siniwatin', sonny, conterdictin' is umpin' th't y' ortn't never to do to yer poor al' gran'pop," said the Old Settler, interrupt g Peleg, and speaking as one aggrieved. "Boys es conterdicts their gran'pops, to say muthin' o' them th't siniwates, is likely to ome outen the little eand o' the horn 'fore they git to be gran'pops theirselfs. Y' would-

This opened a new field of investigation for Polog, and he entered it boldly.
"What would I be doin' in the horn, gran'-

Bop?" he asked.

The Old Settler wasn't exactly prepared to enlighten his irrepressible grandson on this subject off-hand, and he made no reply to

man blowed at the circus?" persisted Peleg. could git in that horn easy enough! Do you semember that big horn and the fat man that wed it, gran'pop? Don't you remember low the folks laughed when the fat man had his face as red as my new hankach'ef, and you got up and said: 'Gosht'imighty, man! Let go o' that or y'll bust!' Don't you remember, gran'non?'

go o' that or y'll bust!" Don't you remember, grap pop?

Felag!" exclaimed the Old Setter, "I kin stan' siniwatin. 'n' I kin stan' conterdictin, but wen it comes to mawkin' I hef to get riled! Wen a boy begins to mawk his poor ol' gran'-pop then it's gittin' pooty nigh time. b' gosht-imighty, for his poor ol' gran' pop's gray hairs to begin to think about goin' down in sorror! seewhiss, Peleg! I hope y' hain's gointer be a mawker! D'y know w't a mawker is?"

Wine is a mocker," replied Peleg.

"Yes! An' strong drink is a ragin!" added fars, who came into the kitchen just then, on her way out, she being bound for Sister Bulger's for an evening with the Sol's Ridge tothers of the Naked and Foeders of them that Hungers. She accompanied her quotation of Seripture with an eloquent glance at the Old Settler, and the back door did not close behind her vary gently. Nothing was said by gither the Old Settler or Peleg for a while after saria went out, and then Peleg looked up and innocently saked:

"Gran'pop, was gran'mammy 'sinuating?"

"Fract" said the Old Settler, steroly.

maria went out, and then Peleg looked up and impocently asked:

"Tran pop, was gran mammy 'sinuating?"

"Faing!" said the Old Settler, sternly,
"Tast'l do! I kin set here 'n' put up with yer usin' of me ongratefuller th' na sarpint, 'n' never say a word; but y' mustn' t begin at yer gran'-mammy! I' can't run M'riar down w'en! I'm around, b' gosht' mighty! She mown't a' been a saiswasin'. n' then ag' in she mown't the heft o' evidence bein', though, th't tha were a leetle more mowt th' mowth't; but don't you go to siniwasin' agin M'riar. 'specially ahind her back, for b' gosh! won't hev!!!"

The Cid Settler shook his cane at Peleg, and Peleg, giving up the effort to restore amicable relations between himself and his grandfather, turned once more to the Clarion Hasst, and resumed his reading. He had read a minute or more in silence, when his grandfather spoke up pleasantly, and asid:

"So it wan't an arthquake shakin' up the worth Fole, hay, Sonny?"

Nope. 'replied Feleg, without looking up.
There was silence again for awhile, and then the Old settler broke in once more:

An' no enpertected citizen o' Green!'n's icy meuntains ddn't git sunstruck "said ha.

"Rope!" was Feleg's curt answer, still with

Wilton Rug Couch, trimmed with Silk Plush, worth

\$22. A number of other styles.

she adopted in place of her lost kittens, and was as assiduous in giving them every maternal attention as if they had been her own natural young, instead of the offspring of a family which provided her with her best beloved prey.

There, gran'pop!" said Peleg. "Can you believe that?"

Pool "explaimed the Cld S."

"Pool!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Wy the hain't nuthin' funny bout that, sonny! B'ielve it? Wy o' course I b'ileve it! But I want to say one thing, 'n' that is th't whoever owns that cat 'n her family o' squir'is better kill them squir'is fore they grow up, b'gosh! They won't only he squir is, but they'il nuss the ensure o' their oat mammy, too, n' w'at'! be the conselence? The conselence? It be the conselence? The conselence il be the conselence? The conselence is the third that it is the conselence? The conselence is the conselence? The conselence is that deceasing the content of the conselence? The conselence is the conselence? The conselence is that the conselence is the conselence is the conselence is the conselence? The conselence is the

"Mebby it'll put me in mind o' sumpin' eskim off wen I were a boy in the Sugar Swamp deestric."

That swoke Peleg to renewed interest in the situation, and he hunted up the item in the paper, mer reference to which had got him into such a labarynth of misunderstanding with his grandfather.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed. "But you'll never believe it, gran'pop!"

Peleg read the little story, which was to the effect that somebody's eat, having been bereft of her new litter of kittens disappeared, and when she returned she brought with her the she adopted in place of hor lost kittens, and was as assiduous in giving them every mater.

did. Wen he wa'n't busy 'round the house he staid with the sheep in the pastur'. 'n' many a prowlin' woif he necked 'n' shock the daylight out of. Wen Brungup were 'mongst the sheep we didn't hev no fear fer 'em. That were the name I give the woif-Brungup-cause if I hadn't a' brung him up, b' gosh, he wouldn't never a got up at all!

"About the time Brungup get to makin' hisself so useful 'round our clearin' folks got to tellin' of a cur'ous sort o' animal thit were bein seen here 'n' thar' bout the deestric'. It were aliux travellin' with wolfs, but it wa'n't no more like a wolf th'n it were like a tagger. Fact o' the matter were, it were daze by like a big buck sheep, 'cept th' it is had glarin' eyes, 'n' were flereer' na wolf even! It were black ez the ace o' spades, 'cept a hand around its body,' n' that were w'iter' in the driven snow. Folks had worried 'n' stewed over that wild buck sheep keepin' comp' ny with wolfs, 'n' couldn't un'erstan' it but the minute I heerd it spoke of I says:

"That's our lamb, b'gosh, th't turned up missin!"

"Course it were, Peleg! 'Twere plain enough th' the mammy o' the wolf cub my pap lugged hum had list slipped in 'n' lugged away that lamb to take her cub's place. She nussed the samb 'n' iz it, 'n' the lamb nussed the wolf natur same ez the cub had took in the natur o' the sheep. 'N' thar were the cur'ous sarcumstance, sonny, of a wolf standin' guard 'n' portectin sheep ag in its kind, 'n' a sheep prowlin' with wolfs th't were luggin' away 'n' eatin' of its kind! 'Twa'n't long 'fore it were diskivered th't the wild back sheep wa'n't only travellin' with the wolfs, but were wuas th'n any wolf in cleanin' out sheep pastur's. The ferce wild buck d' come a-roarin' 'n' a-toarin' inter a pastur', 'n in less time th'n it takes to tell it d' but half the flock to death 'n' skeer the watchers away, 'n' then the wolfs' did in 'n' carry off the dead. People got so they didn't keer for wolfs no more. It were the ter'ble wolf-sheep th't sot 'em crazy. They hunted him, 'n' they nit on y

The British and the Portuguese having set-

tled their quarrel in Mashonaland, are amica-

bly working together to construct a railroad from the Indian Ocean to their adjoining possessions in the far interior. The railroad is to extend from the port of Beira, on Masangsani Bay, just north of the twentieth parallel of latitude, to the British South Africa Company's frontier at Massi Kesse. It will be built along the Busi River Valley, which is regarded as far preferable to the Pungwe Blver route that was first suggested. The Pungwe passes through a marshy and low-lying country, while the Busi traverses a more salubrious and elevated region. The railroad will be about 200 miles long.

The new town of Beira is situated on a magnificent bay about two miles wide and six long. It is one of the newer discoveries in this part of Africa, where there are so few good harbors. The town is bound to be a place of large importance as the terminus of a railroad which will connect directly with sea-going vessels. It is expected that within the next year and a half Mashonaland, which is now within five hours of London by telegraph, will be placed within reach of Europe by an all-steam route. from the Indian Ocean to their adjoining posNOT SO GREEN AS HE LOOKED.

Three Stories of a Drummer's Adventures in Prontier Settlements. POCATELLO, Idaho, Oct. 3.-We were seated in the caboose of a freight train on the Union Pacific which we had boarded at Granger. It was a way or local freight, stopping at all stations, and was unconsciouably slow and wearisome. There were two commercial travellers from hair streaked with gray and features that the wild West girl calls just too sweet; three or four citizens of villages down the line, and a New Yorker. One of the drummers slept with his hat over his face on the long seat, the cowboy told stories, and the rest listened, with

now and then a comment on the stories.
"You should have seen us take Trinidad." said the cowboy. "We took it forty times if we did once, and every time we had the luck to the occasion. Now and then one would show a bit of spunk, and then we did make him rustle. I remember once a commercial traveller struck town wearing a plug hat when I was there—one of those shiny black tiles all rubbed down like a three-year-old ready for a halfrim off one side for luck. You should have heard him cuss! He wanted to fight, and dared me to take off my belt. I didn't want to hurt he poor devil, so I didn't take it off until I had to."

That so?" said the drummer who was

"That so?" said the drummer who was awake.
"Of course it's so. You never knew a cowboy to hurt a tenderfoot unless he plumb had to. I just laughed at him until he got so abusive I had to take off my belt to teach him a lesson. Well, when my pardner took the gun the tenderfoot waded in. Even then, I told him he'd better so away, but he wouldn't, and so I licked him till he squealed like a trapped badger."

a lesson. Well, when my pardner took the gun the tender foot waded in. Even then, I told him he'd befter go away, but he wouldn't, and so I licked him till he squealed like a trapped bad-gu." That's a d—d lie!" said the drummer. Everybody was astonished, and the cowboy got very red in the face.

"Go on." said the drummer, looking the cowboy in the eye; "toll how you got that sear over the eye. You won't? Then I will. You see, gentlemen, this man was there in Trinidad, and the tenderfoot was Bill Jenne there, asleep in the corner. When the rim of that silk hat fell Bill wanted to fight and this chap didn't, but he had to, and he got his face mashed in a way beautiful to behold. That sear over the eye was where Bill landed with his left, and here this cuss was mean enough to lie about it.

Just then the train stopped with a tremendous jerk at hism's Fork and the cowboy went out and dropped down off the car.

"Bill's a right green-looking man even now," continued the drummer, "but his looks are worth money to him and he don't object. They sized him up for a tenderfoot in a saloon at Dodge City once. The cowhoys rounded him up and run him into Mary Delano's dance hall. There they formed a ring with the girls inside and made poor Bill dance a lig. He danced like a cow and the crowd most wont into hysteries. So Bill ordered the drinks and sneaked out. At Mose Heinman's, down the street half a block, he got a double-barrelled shotgun, with three buckshot cartridges. One he stuck in his mouth, and the two were put where they'd do the most good. Before the crowd wors through wiping their lips after the drink Bill was at Mary's door with the gun at his face and the dov! showing in the eyes that were looking over the barrels.

"When he said. 'Hands un.' they made Ys of themselves sudden. Old Mary started the music without waiting for orders, and when he said. 'Dance,' the whole out the began to caper. Let Bill alone. He'll keep up his end of it.

Bill woke up in time to hear the last of what was said. He grinned a little

liar as the cowboy. He didn't get left even then. He married that little chick within six months, and if you don't believe it make him show you the photographs he carries in the back of his watch. One's of the chick and tother's a three-year-old boy, fit to make your mouth water."

BOY THIEVES COME TO GRIEF.

They Had Been Reading a Story Called " The Wharf Bats of New York." NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 3.-The police have succeded in arresting, breaking up, and convicting a gang of boy thieves in this city, who e carried on their business this summer in the most daring and successful manner. It is, perhaps, only among boys, and boys who have read a great deal of sensational literature, that the idea of a regularly organized thieves' society, with President, Secretary, Treasurer, ciety, with President. Secretary, Treasurer, passwords, and so on, could have originated. The organizer of the society says that he got his idea from a sensational book called "The Wharf Rats of New York." He proposed the idea to sevenal boys ranging from fifteen to seventeen, and it was well received and the thieves' clubwas duly organized. Its charter provided for a general housobreaking business, the money derived from which was to go into the hands of the treasurer until enough was raised to take the entire party to New York, where they proposed to go into business on a larger scale. They had been very successful up to the time they were caught, and the burgiary, which will send them to the penitoniary, was to have been their last here, as they had enough money on hand to take the entire outfat to New York to begin business there. The treasurer was a boy maded John Crowly, while Willie Caser, aged 15, was the planner and manager of the burgiaries. Their first work was to arrange a storehouse for the reception of their plunder, and their own retreat if necessary. Following the plan given in the Wharf Rats of New York." they dug a large burrow or hole under one of the wharves in the New Basin, and boarded it in. There was a narrow opening from above covered with planks. Here they ware completely lidden from view and pretty safe from discovery, for no person would ever be able to detect the entrance unless it was shown to him. From this retreat they sailted at night, and here they, to the number of a dozen, and their plunder were secreted after one of their raids.

Casey, who seems to have been the leador, although 15, is very small for his age. And it was possible for him to get entrance into stores through transoms and other small holes. He performed really wonderful exploits in entoring through apertures into which a cat could scarcely grawf. Once inside, he opened the doors and let the gang in. Most of the boys were employed simply as porters to carry the plunder for the wharf storehouse. In the matter of passwords, and so on could have originated The organizer of the society says that he got

Telstet Told Her to Burn Her Money. The Nowoje Wremis tells a story of a young woman's recent consultation with Cou Tolstol as to what she should do with \$300,000 which she had recently inherited from her father. She wished to keep \$150,000 for her own use and to benefit mankind with the rest of her fortune.

Tolstol's first advice was in harmony with his well-known hatred of money ser so. Burn it all," were his words. The young woman demurred, and after a long argument fiatly refused to do this. She suggested that she should give the \$150,000 to a society of charitable women in Moscow, who would distribute it among the city's poor.

That might not be so had." Tolstol said in expeliation. "If you have determined not to help abolish the curse. The ideas of these women may suit you better than mine do, for the world does not seem to be quite ready to adopt my principles in practice."

VARIOUS OBSERVATIONS. Glimpses of Life in the City by Eyes Open to

Ita Features. The contentment of thousands of dealers occupying small stores in the side streets and me of the avenues is wondrous. In many instances the contentment is greater than the risible indications suggest, because the per sons who enjoy its influence are not always seen. It is not unusual for the head of a family to be employed elsewhere during the day while his helpmate tends the store, and if their children be old enough to work, the entire in-come of the family is sufficient to provide for good living and the enjoyment of many simple pleasures. A few hundreds of dollars invested in a small stock of goods where rent is low frequently pays good profits.

Whoever has been impressed by the Wheever has been impressed by the surroundings of churches in villages and small cities, and a few of the old churches here, with their shady trees, creeping vines, and carefully tended grass plots, suggestive of repose and close communion with nature, must feel the depressing effects produced by many of the new churches, with their narrow limitations and glaring fronts. Hemmed in by adjoining buildings, protected from vandalism by high railings, or presenting strongly guarded fronts, they suggest uncompromising severity, harshness of expression, and lack of restfulness. The faith that binds seems to be actuated by an exhibition of strength rather than one of comfort.

The incongruity of a small business and a highfalutin announcement of its importance is aptly lilustrated over the door of a little millinery store in Canal street by the sign "Temple of Fashion." The importance attached to "the" by many small dealers is noticeable in many low quarters, notwithstanding a sentiness of stock and decided indications of the lack of prosperity.

The announcement of a sign in the window of a small west side store of "Jerusalem goods" for sale, arouses curiosity, and is another indication of the sommercial activity of the metropolis.

other indication of the commercial activity of the metropolis.

The lack of consideration by national and local Governments, large corporations, and some employers in not permitting many heads of departments and clerks to enjoy vacations at times when the summer resorts are open is the subject of severe comment newadays. Owing to the closing of near-by and popular resorts, recreation must be sought in travels which are expensive, or rest must be obtained at home with very few attractions of the public parks may be beautiful, but they can be appreciated at other seasons of the year, and any one who has noticed the listlessness of young men who are obliged to seek recreation there must have realized that it is unadisfactory and not very beneficial. It is unadisfactory and not very beneficial in the expense the inability to do otherwise than remain in the city after the close of the summer season and be conflued to the narrow limits of their homes is very depressing.

The average sign painter is not bound by the rules of punctuation. If he desires to drop off a period or use one where a comma should be he gratifies his inclination without hindrance. That, at least, is the impression conveyed by the products of his brush or paste. The only explanation of this inattention to correctness is that the persons who

City noises are so continuous, although varying in degrees of intensity according to localities, that the effects on the nerves are not very noticeable except in extreme cases. The nervous system becomes accustomed to them, unless it be shattered by physical conditions, and tenants along the lines of the elevated railroads, or in close proximity to noise-creating machinery, slumber pascefully during the rattling, banging, squeaking, or rumbling. The country visitor, who is not accustomed to noises louder than those of the fields or the woods, is, however, almost distracted by the din. Its effect was well described by a quaint old Long Islander who was hurrying through his yearly visit for winter supplies: "How yer can stand these noises beats me," he said with a weary expression. "I can't stay here overnight, nohow. Last year they nearly drove me crasy. I came down by boat from Bag and woke up here in the confoundedest noise you ever heard. That settles me, I said to myself, and twasn't long fore I had bought the things for the loiks and some odds and ends for myself. I was through before noon and my head was splittin." I couldn't hang 'round for the

boat, so I just went across the bridge, horse car for East New York, then one onew fangled 'lectric cars for Jamaica, waited for the afternoon train for home get through in time I'm going back the way this trip."

BIRCHALL'S INTENDED VICTIM. Pelly Returns to Caunda and Is Doing ! After His Remarkable Experience.

A few weeks ago a tourist among the me tains along the Canadian Pacific Ballroad a Birchall murder case in Canada. It will be ed that Pelly went to Canada with Bir to be his partner in the imaginary farm wh Birchall's dupes supposed to be in Cana Birchall took to a high bank overlooking t of pushing him over into the fearning to d thus adding another murder to his record After the Birchall trial, in which Peliy was a of the principal witnesses, he want to Engise but soon returned and has been engaged insexecutive capacity during the building of railroad between Calgary and Edmont When the tourist met him in the Selkirk Mo tains he was on his way to Vancouver for av

tains he was on his way to Vancouver for a vestion.

Polly is an entertaining young fellow wh has travelled extensively, knows the Als well, and has even heen to Central Africa. I few years ago he had a chance to join a part travelling to Lake Nyassa. He improved the opportunity, saw the scenery of the lews Zambesi, hunted hippopotami in the Shat Myassa highlands, and saw that beautiful lake Pelly thinks Birchall was the most plausiful man he ever mot, and was well ententiated deceive the shrewdest if he set about fire tail. The young man thinks he had a very narry escape, and he will answer no more advertisements of Englishmen who want partners to lot them in the farming industry in America.

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